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Egyptian conception and works of Art to the native taste and genius.* The Greek continent was not the first, but the last spot, where Art rooted itself in the hearts of the people, and where special localities were devoted to its interests. Greek Art originated in Asia Minor, with its early culture, and, above all, with the Greeks of the Ionian Islands of Samos and Crete, and in the long scroll of towns and islands, where we find the first Art-aspirations and the first efforts made towards schools of Art; Athens figures as the very last in point of time, but the first and at the head of the rest of Greece in point of glory. This path, which Art pursued from Asia Minor over the islands to the Greek continent, is another evidence of Oriental origin and influence.

The illustrious Winckelmann was wrong in boasting that his beloved Hellenists created their Art independent of all foreign influence. But his own thoughtful mind seems to have discovered this fallacy. He says, on one occasion, that any proof of the assertion in reference to the Egyptian origin of Greek Mythology, would go far to establish the fact that, with the conceptions also came the forms of their Divinities.† He worked himself out of his dilemma by looking upon this fact of the Egyptian origin of Greek Art, which was recorded by the Grecian historians themselves as an invention of the Egyptian priests at the time of Alexander. But Herodotus lived and wrote over a century previous to Alexander's expedition to Egypt, and Herodotus not only declared *on one occasion*, but proclaimed it repeatedly, over and over again, as an incontestable truth, *that his countrymen, the Greeks, inherited their Divinities, and their faith in them, and their political and social institutions, in a great measure from the Egyptians.*

IMITATION OF ANCIENT VASES.—Several imitations have been made of ancient vases, either through a love of art, or for the purpose of deceit; the first may be considered praiseworthy, as it has contributed considerably to bring to perfection modern pottery; the second, as highly censurable, for even experienced connoisseurs have been deceived. Petro Fondi, who had established his manufactories at Venice and at Corfu, was remarkable for his success in this kind of deceit. The family Vasari, at Arezzo, manufactured vases of this kind; there are several of them in the gallery of Florence. Of this kind of deception there are several kinds. Sometimes the vase is ancient but the painting is modern, frequently details and inscriptions added to the ancient painting; but the difference of the style of drawing, the multiplicity of details, the nails indicated on the hands and feet, betray the fraud, as well as the coarseness of the earth, which makes the vases heavier, and the metallic lustre of the varnish. The test which the colors of the false vases are made to undergo is also decisive; if colors mixed with water or alcohol have been employed, it is sufficient to pass a little water or spirits of wine over them to make them disappear; the ancient colors, having been baked with the vases, resist this test. In modern times, imitations have been made by the celebrated Wedgwood, remarkable alike for their elegance and taste.—*Epochs of Painted Vases.* By Hodder M. Westropp.

* Thiersch, *Epochen*, etc., pp. 7, 22-25, 35-80.

† Winckelmann's Art History, I. 1. § 14.

FREEDOM OF IMAGINATION.

BY J. G. B. BROWN.

THERE are a multitude of people who repeat the same phrases and figures from day to day, who tell the same stories from year to year, who settle down for life to a single quotation, who will take no wisdom except from certain men, books, allegories, and histories. When you have spent an hour with these unfortunates, you have heard all that issues from them in twenty years. They are like George Fox, who made himself one pair of leather breeches to last a life-time. If a man speaks the same truth, in any other form, they are not only unable to recognize it for the same; but they are hurt and offended as though he had taken some liberties with truth itself in changing the garment of a thought. They do not see that truth is great and good enough to pass unaltered and undiluted through ten thousand metamorphoses, as the quality of original creative force, the vital energy of the Maker shines abroad through every system of mythology, and all our philosophies and poems are so many efforts to deliver the same perception. These men are like an ignorant, poor person who, having gained a dollar, sews it up in some corner of his coat to keep it. They value their little truth, but do not know how to go to work to increase it. They venture nothing for fear of loss to their precious perception. But truth is like the manna of the Israelites too rich and vital to keep in a box. It is running water, and like every living thing it needs air and sun, rain and wind. It must be stirred and ventilated, and used, and tossed hither and thither, or it dies and corrupts, and has the effect of falsehood. For falsehood is truth stagnated. It is the bright brook fallen on shallows, and spread out into a noisome, muddy pool. These mill-horses, going round and round, and holding their first conception, do well to value the light they have, but they do ill to turn their backs on the larger light that waits to visit them. In cleaving to what they have, they deny all they have not. They are like the fool who built a cistern to hold sunshine, that he might have a winter supply. Sunshine cannot be had in a corner or reservoir, but it must stream and flow. Truth is thought; is an activity, and activity is not repetition. It is

“Not in spent deeds, but in doing.”

Strictly, a man cannot see the same thing twice, and if he makes the same statement twice, it is with some abatement of the perfect correspondence between that statement and the thought it represents. For the bodily eye only encounters again and again the same objects; but the interior eye is conversant with spiritual forces, which extend through and beyond the range of vision, and are never wholly known. We explore and explore in every right mental act, enlarging the bounds of consciousness, and leaving behind all the reports we formerly made to ourselves of the universe, as a later and more adventurous navigator discredits the imperfect map of his predecessor.

So every law or moral fact appears new as we follow its working, trace its relation, arrive at it from new points, and see it in new lights. If you say over to day what you said yesterday, you have slept and waked in vain. The men of quotations ought to be buried with their stubble to manure new crops. What do they under the new risen sun with their hands full of last year's birds' nests? The world was made round that we might go on all sides of it, and it has a great course in the sky that we may take a turn among the stars, and the very pivot on which our system is hung, the sun itself, turns round another pivot, and that around another, and so on without end, and all as if to admonish us that there are as many points of new interest, of new relation, and a new view, as there are situations in space, and that all geometry is subject to endless correction and enlargement. Man is a planet. He rises from below the horizon of life, and passes on, and so long as he really lives and grows he will look every hour into new fields and gardens, the landscape will grow dim and forgotten behind him, and his ray will open every moment some new casement, will surprise another and another pair of lovers, happy in the dark. For man goes on to find out of how many cups the creatures drink delight. How impossible it is for any long to escape their good. The exploration of spiritual laws is penetration to see a thousand streams which creep from far beyond our early sight or suspicion, gathering to swell the currents of the heart. Every act of thought is new admission to see how innumerable and irresistible are these springing sources of our life. As that life itself is a course and a growth, so the essence of imagination is its flowing quality; as nature is a stream, as matter flows and shifts its forms before the strong, invisible forces, like vapor rolled and unrolled upon the wind, so the entire product of my imagination, which is to me a second nature, must flow and shift, and be renewed and enlarged, or it falls into decay. The old forms and figures of speech which stick in men's memories, without relation to the experience of the passing hour, are like old trunks of dead trees round a swamp. The moment a passenger puts his eye on them he knows there is a bog below. The mind of a formalist and repeater is a garden stuck full of dried herbs and flowers brought from an herbarium, and planted in the ground. Fresh perception will bring with it fresh forms and vital.

Every image in the mind represents simple or complex spiritual forces, facts, and states; but every image is more unlike than like that which it represents. And the growing man constantly discovers and feels this unlikeness, this insufficiency. He will correct and enlarge his statement and every statement without end. If he accepts the imagery of another it is because he does not yet wholly understand it. It is a little too great for him. He is not fully in possession of the perception out of which it sprang. As soon as he shall be master of this image, as soon as he makes it his own by reaching its source, he will enlarge and correct it, as he does every view of his own, and no state-

ment can be made in any human speech which will not need this correction and enlargement. The word of God is a succession of ages of worlds of animals and souls. We cannot compass its perfection; but if the Maker descends to talk as we communicate, using images of finite and comprehensible things, He cannot put his meanings into any one, into any number of them. He uses a succession reaching through all ages; but from these to affect my mind, a few to which I have access, must be selected. And these few cannot be found so large that they will not cramp and misrepresent the original Being.

For spirit and form are incommensurable, unless man could rise to comprehend the entire form, that succession of cause and effect, which we name the universe. If you take any one or any definite number of symbols, you will find that they do not more represent, than they misrepresent, any spiritual fact. Thus love is a flame, and fire, in some one or other of its familiar qualities, has been a name and type of love in all ages. But love is much more than a flame, for flame has a definable number of limited qualities; but love is in every attribute indefinable and unlimited. Every spiritual force which we seek to disclose partakes of infinity, and every figure in which we clothe it is finite, so that, however, in the heat of conception, we seem for a moment to have surrounded the reality and shut it up, and carried it away in the sack of a new discovered symbol, our own or that of another, we soon find that we have bagged only a corner or extremity of the fact, that much more remains behind, unconceived and undescribed. Therefore we need new symbols to take up what we already see remaining of the nature of that fact. Soon we learn that all we can grasp and show is a drop from the ocean. We are running about with our pint cups as though we had dipped up the infinite, and he is the fool and blasphemer who does not see and adore that which remains behind after every statement possible in human speech, though the Maker should dictate the terms to be employed, and himself show the thing to be exhibited. That which is unspoken transcends all our figures, the silence is golden, and the simplest creature that thinks is permitted to enjoy and to know that of which no adequate account has been or will be given in such terms as are furnished us in the world.

It is the beginning of Truth to see that there is no end of Truth, and to turn from all the past to a future, which is the open sky over our earth left behind. The quality of the earth is in all expression, that of the uncompassed heavens in what is to be expressed. So there can be no finality or fixture in the mind. Every new view must abolish the old. Living and thinking is going forward from image to image forever. The popular idea of Truth is that of a hoard or possession, something to be compassed, and held, and hugged. So the popular idea of happiness is a trundle bed of easy circumstances. But Truth and Good are activities, not commodities. Truth is a mental relation of man to what is, and as he grows this relation

changes. Nothing that can be established as true will remain so; but a new report must be made, because perception is renewed. The love of novelty is no folly. This is folly to think novelty can be had by running round the world, and seeing old facts in new forms. But if we stay at home with the facts we knew externally, and by insight penetrate these to their causes and centres, to their life and part in the plan, we shall have a new world, new plants, and animals, as well as companions here where we stand from day to day. So much is real for a man as he understands, and there is no end to penetration into the nature of things. Every object has new meanings, represents new spiritual laws, when we see the deep heart of it; and so between new laws disclosed and new forms for those we knew, the imagination of man becomes like a firmament filled with rising and setting, always progressing and changing stars.

The poet is he who sees the value of all things as symbols, and therefore does not over-value any. He, least of all men, doats upon works of Art, however excellent. He sees well that the same truths can be as well expressed by quite other methods, histories, and figures. He will wish to speak a new word, to testify that the old words are not final, that inspiration is not dead, that the life of the day is as good and as significant as that of any day.

The loss of Man's Paradise of Integrity has not been adequately set forth by Milton or the Hebrews. He who knows what is the fall of man, will be compelled to give a new account of it, and so in regard to every myth; he who takes all the meaning of it, who sees the facts that are embodied in it, must needs leave the myth behind, and make a new fable to satisfy his new sense of that meaning, never quite conveyed. Always the truth spoken delivers every man whom it reaches from the forms and images employed in speaking it. If a reader mumbles over the text, he does not fathom it. Try the scholar by observing whether he can reproduce your principles in his own language, using his own illustrations.

The artist can never be a sectarian. He can be content with no one creed, but uses all. He is a professor of every religion, for the phraseology and symbolism of Greece is as intelligible to him as that of India and Egypt. He finds the same spirit under all the sacred histories and each of these is much more sacred to him than to the crowd, though the Jew and the Persian alike hold him for an infidel. That is because he cannot say and swear that a single revelation is the only and ultimate one. His confession of faith is made in many tongues, in Arabic, and Parsee, and Esquimaux. There is no life that does not appear divine if we look deeply through it to its springs, and the universal presence in nature of that which is with us for worship, not for comprehension, makes a temple around the seer wherever he may stand.

We are superstitious about the poems and pictures of the past. We talk as if there were no more such beauty as Raphael painted. The truth is, that no man can walk

with open eyes and not see a thousand beauties in every village, such as the Italian pencil has not celebrated. Purity and Maternity are not dead. They are great, and made Raphael great, and will make a hundred artists as good as he, if we can find children obedient and reverent, willing and able to see. It is not these works which are great, but something behind them, shining through them, gives them power. Fasten the eyes on that and you forget the picture, and desire to make new pictures, which, in their turn, you will wish to put out of sight. The artist throws aside his works as studies. No one of them has served him, if it has not made him discontented with his past performance and with itself. Always he who sees anything worth showing will be by that vision prevented from valuing any representation of it. He sees also that the life of things is too great to be set out in any one in any number of forms, and that the work, if it were faultless, would be a trifle of no account. Something else now represents for the growing mind that same beauty which shone in the violet yesterday. Long ago the purity of original Spirit was expressed in angels, in saints, in lilies. To-day it comes and looks on me with the same clear, unfathomable eyes out of the speech and action of my little boy, out of the spring-water in my hill-side, out of the early flowers, out of the unplummeted transparent sky, out of the uncalculated, generous impulse that moves in my companion. If I cannot find and show this quality flowing from the centre in every direction, pervading all, bursting out everywhere, I am not yet the child and servant of purity.

For not only is every object narrow and small to be the representative of any divine quality, but that quality is not poorly doled out and exhausted in the endowment of a few forms. There is no one—there are no number of creatures that monopolize any attribute of being. Such as God is, such in its degree is everything he has made, and it is his greatness that makes in his own image every work. He breathes breath of his life not into man alone, but into every creature. All natural laws are involved in every piece of organization, and all moral quality is also communicated to each mineral, plant, animal, element, and force. Every image falls short, but we may take up a thousand others, and each will show a new side of the law, which animates all. Not only is the first figure insufficient, but every object and motion in the world offers in itself a certain measure of sufficiency to supply our need, and seems neglected if we fasten on any other. So we are delivered from masters and examples, and from our own former thoughts continually, and go on and on striving to overtake the great secret which travels on and on before us. If a man clings to his phrase, or lies down before any authority, if he sets up any book or teacher on a throne, and keeps his eyes fixed on that, he is dead for the time. His head turns over his shoulder. He does not see even what is in that author. He does not reach the flowing life which inspired him and made his speech novel. If he did,

the same life would impel him to new speech. The Swedenborgian knows nothing of the meaning of Swedenborg, or he would seek by ten thousand original symbols to set free that meaning from the old forms in which it is obscured, and not go repeating those half unintelligible metaphors. Every metaphor is half unintelligible and needs another to explain it. The artist is he who will see all this from many and many a point of view. He is not positive, for he will soon be on the other side of the object. He sees every dogmatist stuck in the mud of his personal experience, maintaining what can be seen from that point in which his feet are glued to the ground. He passes around and around him, and knows the occasion of every one of his mistakes. He will finally deliver him and make him also a poet. For no mind can suffer perpetual stagnation. The brain may be ossified, but not the soul. Every image shakes and melts in imagination. As in Nature the rock is dissolved by chemical agents, and flows as surely, though not so suddenly, as ice melts in sunshine, so the fixedness of systems is only momentary. Looking through a little period of history, see how the symbolism, the mythology of your neighborhood has changed. The world moves and man moves, and the stars of thought cannot be nailed to the sky. The boys say everything that goes up must come down, and surely every image that rises to importance must decline; old reputations and influences become less important, because the same truth is again and again expressed. There is but one force under all, and the wise have always been wise by seeing it. The sight of all seers is one. Originality is ability to get through the crust of matter, and see that which Plato and Emerson, Raphael and Beethoven have seen.

Our desire for novelty is the hunger we feel for increase of being. The same water is never twice sweet to man. Progress is the novelty we need. Repetition of old methods by fancy and invention is dull and stale. We wait for genius, for imagination to supplant our old chimeras, our fables, our foolish conceptions of Time and Eternity, of life and death. We are frozen up in a crust of forms, which were once helpful, but are now, like the shell of the crab which he must burst or die. The poet comes, and the images that we thought solid facts, substantial as mountains and continents, melt, and flow, and vanish away. In the mind only they had such importance, and not in Nature. Our landscape is broken up. There is a new earth and a new heaven. A single fresh image expressing great truth, helping us to a great perception, seems to change the face of land and sea. It gives us, as the New England fathers used to say, "Enlargement." This is true jail delivery—the breaking up of our horizon—the introduction of other hills and streams. These are the

"Fresh fields and pastures new,"

in which we expatriate and feel our liberty. Men are continually getting hide-bound with use and wont. They need all the misfortunes, all the changes that befall, to shake them out of sleep. The world turns so smoothly on its

axis that we grow drowsy like passengers in the cars. We need many a shock to remind us that there are other people, other wives and husbands, other farms and villages than our own. People whine about the changes in life. This is their benefit that they show always the insignificance of any one object, relation, or condition, they show the superiority of the fact of life to the means of life, and that it can renew all the means if only itself is untouched. Death is the teacher of Immortality to man, and Change is a suggestion of the Permanent. A man is shut up with his dog, his cows, and his books, his parson going round like a horse in a mill, with his father who sits in the chimney-corner to die, and a wife who imbibes and returns his own dullness. He dries up and grows as small as an Englishman who thinks the "Last Judgment" will be held in London, and that the Maker of all is English. From such a state men need to be roused by thunder-claps and earthquakes. They have them. The father dies, the wife goes melancholy mad, the parson leaves, the house burns, the owner fails, the farm is sold. Our slug turns up in California or Kansas, with eyes, and legs, and arms, around him a new world, over him a new sky; and his sanity and growth is secured. Our nests are warm when we have sat a little while in them, and we dislike to be disturbed; but the word comes from Nature, and we must "move on." Happy is he who is looking every way for deliverance from the cramp of his old view when the poet approaches. "Now," he says, "I shall live indeed. For one day I shall escape routine, custom and the habit of my stupidity. This is no traveller to whirl me through a thousand miles of examples of such dullness as my own, or greater. He will not show me the *ennui* of Paris, and London, and Petersburg. He goes deeper, to the lives of such as live, and he will introduce me to that sphere which lies so near, yet so inaccessible. He will open the world of love, of intelligence, of friendship, of spontaneous activity." He brings the golden age, and inauguates a golden day, who can show what any day may bring forth.

The artist, the man who values imagination as an organ of Truth, who reveals its forms with reverence, is our deliverer. We live in twilight, and have settled it in our minds that yonder object is a mountain which will stand till doomsday. Some institution, or ceremony, or observance looms immense and awful over our heads. We think if that falls the world is dissolved. It limits our view on one side with absolute opacity. Then comes the wise man, and when he lifts his hand on it our solid crumbles away. It was a vapor, a morning mist. So all things partly seem what they are not, and in any light of Truth, they change or disappear. When the poet comes, Time puts forth wings. He shows the rapid procession of forms, their instability in the world and in the mind. He breaks the frost of the understanding and the senses. In his thought there is space, not for creeping only, but for walking erect and flying. This is his peculiarity among men, that he is never tied to one spot, but finds his meanings shining every-

where, finds all creatures full of one fluid, and can use them all for his ends. He can eat earth with the Gautamas, or fat with the Esquimaux. He finds nutriment in all products, he can feed others upon all. He has the philosopher's stone, and turns all he touches not into gold, but into the bread we hunger for. At the feast of the gods he walks freely up and down along the tables, and dips in every dish. And to this freedom he is invited. It is no license, no lawlessness. It is a sacred privilege, and could not be given if it could be abused. We must grow to be free men in the mind. To respect not its past or present, but its future, which is change upon change.

Imagination has something of infinity and reference from itself to all that is. What we taste in Truth is Spirit, one in all objects carrying complete in itself the quality and flavor of all. We value the statement of the poet not for its direct and first meaning alone, but because of this largeness, which gives us to enjoy in one apple the juice of all fruits, and nuts, and berries, of all meats and drinks. The artist presses his wine from stones and branches, from chips and clods. It is he that can draw sunbeams from cucumbers. He is a magician, and discloses a gate in every wall. He has received from the Maker the freedom of the universe, as public benefactors received from governors the freedom of cities in a gold box. He is free, because no object or event in nature offers impediment to his vision. He can enter in any direction, from any point to the supreme order. He sees the same beneficent law under all forms. Around him nothing is opaque, but great spaces open so that he sees every man's good advancing to find him, and the future of the race assured and emerging. There are no fetters for him to whom every object is a thought of the Maker, through which, as by a window, he looks into the heart and life of all. For the free, Nature is luminous throughout with one light, and the best service rendered by Art is its testimony that one blood fills all veins, that one fire sustains all heat, that there is not a cricket in the grass, or a moss on the wall, which does not involve in its structure and functions all the power and goodness that made the world; there is not a spore which is not, as truly as the last archangel, a vessel and revelation of the Eternal Mind.

NATURAL AND MORAL HARMONY.—In the wildest appearances of the natural world—in the clouds when they are piled in the most irregular masses in the atmosphere, there is ever a pervading and essential harmony of light, and shade, and form, which the common observer feels, though unconsciously, and without the perception of which the efforts of the artist are utterly fruitless. In the scenes and phenomena of the moral and intelligent world, a like coherence exists as a vital and all-connecting element. ** * Nature and truth have their own marks which they impress upon every work of theirs; marks which to some extent human art may counterfeit, but which, after all, transcend the reach of fiction as much as the great Intelligence that upholds all objects and controls all events exceeds the mind of man.—W. H. Furness.

A PEEP AT FRENCH BUSINESS CHARACTERS.

How do the aesthetical and witty French behave in their struggle with commerce and mammon? With a most captivating mixture of elaborate conceit and graceful nonchalance. Some of the counting rooms in Rue Lafitte look like boudoirs; the clerks are aristocratic individuals, dressed aux quatres épingle, exhaling a sweet fragrance of *eau de Cologne* and *eau de mille fleurs*, with a semi-diplomatic, semi-cockney attitude, looking as if Nature, not knowing what to make out of them, whether dandy-like troubadours or Don Juans on a small scale, had hit upon a financial position in an office-boudoir of Rue Lafitte as the only means of disposing of their puzzling clay. Nature has been eminently successful. They look the fashionable financial clerk to perfection. They are adapted to the elegant mammon-atmosphere, like the Baden-Baden croupier's dice to the scales of the roulette table. The handling of money, which makes most people wide awake, actually makes them languish—they handle the money bags with an air of effrontery and graceful condescension, as if to show the vile metal that they are not fascinated by its glittering power. In their relations with their *chef* they deport themselves with almost eccentric delicacy. They recognize their dependency, yet they will not show it. How to do to get out of the scrape? Well, they display a species of bright witty promptitude in the transaction of his business, in the execution of his orders: they do the thing, but do it with so much gusto, that the sense of their inferior position is almost lost in admiration of their funny finesse. The *chef* of one of the banking houses in Rue Lafitte, is one of the greatest characters alive. At a glance you perceive that money would have little value for this man if his vanity was not gratified in its acquisition. He never looks money-making, but always *attitudinizing*. "*Il pose.*" The business does not absorb him so much as the sentiment of its importance, and this sentiment in a Frenchman assumes histrionic, comical, tragical, and melodramatic proportions, according to circumstances, or the fitful state of his disposition. The personal impression which he produces upon his broker or correspondent is more important in his eyes than even the contract which the one may settle, or the per centage which the other may add to his budget. His phraseology takes the same elaborate, theatrical shape. Every gesture is instinct with conceit; every whisper full of bathos jargon. If the funds have fallen, he does not content himself with the simple enunciation of this fact. His eyes sparkle, his nose dilates, his whole frame shakes, his voice is tremulous, he gesticulates with ineffable vehemence, the fall of the rents is an excellent opportunity for a private theatrical performance. He has by this time not only taken but exhausted this opportunity, and after exclaiming, *La Bourse est orageuse*, he sinks down in his fauteuil; Madame, who occasionally comes in, hands him a glass of *eau sucrée*—the broker rushes out of the room full of admira-